

# August, 1955

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ST. DOMINIC



# The Holy Cross Magazine

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## Shortcut To Heaven?

BY JOHN S. BALDWIN, O. H. C.

What did Jesus do when He had that wonderful experience on the mountain, when He was rapt in ecstasy, when His face shone like the sun, when His very clothes became radiant from the light within them, when saints in glory began to chatter about Him, when He was practically in heaven?

What did He do? Why, He turned away. He turned away from the mystic rapture, and went down the mountain—down to quarrelsome disciples, to captious Pharisees, to crowds that yearned for an earthly king—down to the road that led to Jerusalem, where He knew that enemies were waiting, where those arguments would be stripped away to leave Him naked, where mockers would spit into His face and wreath it with thorns.

Why did He turn away? Heaven was His every right. He was God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, of one Substance with the Father. By Him all things were made. It was just of His goodness that He came down from heaven and was made

Man. And how had His human life been lived? Through all its thirty-three years every moment was devoted to doing the will of the Father. Surely He deserved heaven if anyone ever did. That He should have passed by a painless transition into heavenly glory was only fitting and right.

But if Jesus had allowed the painless transformation to be completed, if He had gone into heaven from the mount of Transfiguration, He would have gone alone. We would have been left behind. If He was to take us with Him, He must first bear the suffering and shame. In the utter darkness and loneliness of Calvary He must make the atonement. It was for our sake, to bring us back to the Father, that Jesus renounced the ecstasy and chose the Cross.

It was not the first time. Many months before, at the River Jordan, when Jesus took His place in the line of sinners and gently insisted that John baptize Him, then too heaven was opened, He saw the Holy Spirit descending upon Him, He heard the

Father say, "Thou art my beloved Son." And in that moment of unspeakable joy what did Jesus do? He turned away—away up the long dusty road, away into the blazing desert, away into loneliness, hunger, struggle with evil in every form. And that too was for us: in that He himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able, when we are tempted, to succour us.

How will He succour us? Primarily by helping us to chose. For we too have a choice of roads. We may go by the hard road of prayer and penitence and fasting. Or we may take the easier road, the road of "experiences."

"Experiences" are not so hard to get. Whole religions from the Orient, to say nothing of whole sects calling themselves Christian, stand ready to show you how. Just relax and be wafted, just control your breathing, just repeat and repeat the mystic words, just let yourself go with the rhythm, till ecstasy comes. For ecstasy can be induced. Its induced forms are dangerous illusions, but they feel just as good. If you want those feelings you can have them. The danger is, not that you might fail to induce them, but that you might so easily succeed—and find sensation instead of finding God.

For God is not a sensation. He does not feel like anything at all. He simply cannot be felt. He *is* with you, more real than the ground you stand on, more real than your inmost self, but you cannot possibly feel Him. How natural it is to want to! How natural to try to call back the thrill of our first confession, of our first Communion, to want to feel the way we used to feel! But that way lies illusion. If we try to recapture feelings we are asking to be deceived.

If we want reality we must follow Jesus along that other road—the road of prayer and self-denial and difficulty bravely faced. We must forget about the thrills and do the job. We must make ourselves pray regardless of how we feel. We must examine ourselves and make our confessions thrill or no thrill. We must grapple with the difficulties of meditation and push out toward God those acts of faith and hope and love that are His due. We must go to church and worship whether we "get anything" or not, because God deserves it, because God ought to be praised. That is the Christian road. That is the road that leads to heaven.

For heaven is being face to face with God.

And if you think that is fun—well, guess gain. Oh yes, for the perfected saints, for those who are wholly surrendered to Him, we have no will but His, to be face to face with God is sheer joy. But for you and me, with cherish such ideas about ourselves, and so love to have our own way, an encounter with God is very, very humbling. It is that I don't know how to make a meditation it is that, in my heart of hearts, I'm afraid to meet God. It isn't that, with all the things I have to do, I clean forget His presence is that that Presence embarrasses thoughts I want to think, the dreams I want to dream, about myself. In His light I see those dreams for what they are, I see myself for what I am, and my pride doesn't like it a bit. Neither does my self-will. Finding God means making a choice between my will and mine. Of course I say I want Him. But do I, really and truly, when it comes to the cases? Until I really do, in deed as well as in word, meeting God is not going to heaven.

When will it be? Why does it take so long to do that simple thing—accept the will of God? I know His will is infinitely better. Why do I have to choose it over and over? Why not choose it once and stick to it? Why not surrender once for all and have no more self-will? swallow one pill of humility and have no more pride?

In other words, why not heaven in a jump? Well, it's like getting to the second storey of the house. You *might* make it by rocket, or by vaulting with a pole. But most of us come back in the end to the good old-fashioned stairs. (The mystics, like the Navy, call them ladders.) And on those ladders it pays to climb one step at a time. Prayer by prayer, act by act, choice by choice, like the Tortoise plodding on and on, sure but sure. This is the road that Jesus took. The other road is more scenic, offers more thrills. From those thrills Jesus turned resolutely away. He invites you and me to do the same.







## The Presence

BY INES SLATE

She sat at her desk busily scribbling away, French windows flung wide to receive all Spring's fragrance and sunlight. She sighed, impatient over the "duty" letter before her; she'd put off writing it as long as she possibly could. Well, then, she scribbled away in annoyance, she'd get it over with as quickly as her pen could fly and then there'd be a few hours, at least, of freedom. A few hours of enjoyment and pleasure before it would be time to begin the dreary supper routine. She glanced up, frowning, and half-ticed, out of the corner of her eye, someone standing outside on the walk, just between the rose bushes. Oh, well, and well again, someone was always on her walk, usually ringing her door bell, too, and selling her something she didn't really want.

She went on with her letter but now, even without glancing up, she was aware of the fact that the person on her walk, whoever he might be, was moving forward quite slowly, with no haste at all, towards the porch. Just

how she knew this she couldn't have told but she was definitely annoyed at the prospect of having to deal with another door-to-door salesman.

"Please go away!" she called, "I'm very busy!"

Then she heard his step across the porch and knew he was at the screen door, watching her. And in that instant she knew, too, terribly, Who He was. Numb, pen still held in icy fingers, she turned and simply stared.

Quietly, with a simple gesture that made a grace of courtesy, He opened the door and walked in.

She went right on sitting where she was, unable to move. She ought, she thought, to drop to her knees, to fall prostrate on her face, to break forth in rapturous Divine praises. She ought to say *something*, do *something*. Idiotically, she thought, when the Lord of all Glory walks into your door you might at least offer Him a seat. But she



went on sitting, staring at the flowing white tunic, the pen still frozen in her stiff fingers.

He moved across the room and with a calm and gracious deliberation seated Himself in the rocking chair directly opposite her desk. His head, when at last she dared to look up, was turned away from her. He was looking out of the open windows into the garden, looking with an intense, quiet interest. She watched Him look and she followed His look, seeing her own garden for the first time as His creation, the tall, proud roses, the bending trees, the bird swinging on a branch. And in that instant of looking she knew, surely and certainly, that every leaf, every blade of grass, held an Eternal significance.

He turned back towards her but, a mere second before their eyes met, she turned sharply away, cringing as does one who swerves from a blow. There was surely nothing in that serene Figure to suggest a blow, but she knew that she could not meet those Eyes. She guessed what *must* be in them; she knew what *was* in her own.

They went on sitting so, in the total silence, but she was not a woman accustomed to silences. She just had to say something, anything. Maybe to explain.

"I was just writing to Lydia," she began, somewhat desperately, "She's been quite ill, poor dear, and I—" It was at that point that she opened her eyes and, because her head was bent, her gaze focused on the beautiful, scarred feet. She dropped her eyes, turned her head away sharply; her breathing was harsh. "I hate her!" the words came grating out. "She's always had more than I ever did. Now she's sick and she's getting *all* the attention. Sometimes I just wish she'd—she'd go ahead and die and get it over with."

Her own words hung in the silence between them, accusing her. She couldn't stand the sound of them; she had to justify

herself. He, especially, must not blame her.

"You—You think that's terrible, say something like that, don't You?" she began defensively, and stopped.

Her only answer was the soft Spring breeze, blowing in the gentle scent of roses. Such silence was intolerable. It came at her, frightened her. Desperately she looked around, seeking a way out of the dreadful stillness and, as she turned, she writhed, again her glance fell on those scarred feet. She sat in horror, gazing at the cruel wounds and, so gazing, said what she had to be said:

"I think—" it was very hard for her to get the words out, "I think it's—it's—murder."

It was the first time in her life she had ever, deliberately, accused herself of a fault and a most serious fault. It was the first time she had ever faced such a truth. Her words seemed to go on hanging in the silence and the silence itself grew more threatening with them. Her mind raced like a trapped thing seeking escape.

"Be still and know that I am God," she suddenly remembered the words. They were in the Bible somewhere, weren't they? Or was it Shakespeare? No, the Bible. Somebody big wrote them. St. Paul? Or maybe somebody like Abraham or Moses? Suddenly she said them now, reverently, out loud, "I know," at least He'd know that she did read the Bible? And at that idea she cringed again. He'd also know *how* she read the Bible. No. She couldn't say that. But there must be something! Surely, if you suddenly came to face with the Living Christ, there would be *something* you could say?

He moved slightly and she felt those eyes upon her and, feeling the force and power of that gaze, she knew instantly that there was only one possible word to speak in all the world. Her fingers relaxed and then they fell and rolled across the floor; she sank somehow on her knees at last.

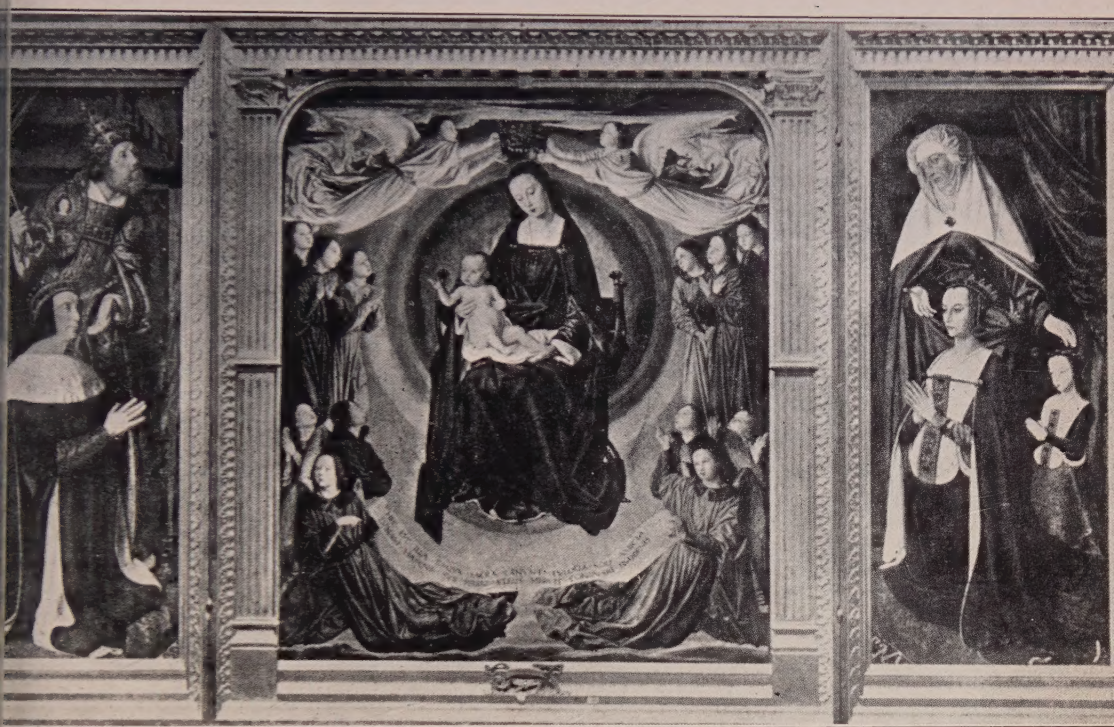
"Dear Christ!" she burst out, "I thank you for Your mercy on me!"

She was kneeling in utter blackness, hands pressed hard against her face, shivering, sobbing.

"Do I have to tell You? Don't You know what I am? I'm—I've done awful things. I've been a complaining wife, a thoughtless mother. I'm all-over selfish. I hate people—good people, people who love me, people I hate. I give myself to anger and im-







THE GREAT TRIPTYCH OF MOULINS

By The Master of Moulins

ce and I'm so proud of every least little thing I do and so jealous and resentful of her people. I—I—tell so many lies. Dear Christ, I—" The sorry, sordid story went on, pouring out; every ugly word damning her by the very fact that she had spoken it, that she had looked at the filthy thing and claimed it as her own. It went on for what seemed a horribly long time. When it was ended, she continued to kneel there, swaying a little from the pain, while all about her the attention that had ruled her life hung proud and damning, polluting the air.

There was one thing she hadn't said; one thing she *couldn't* say. Not now, not right before Him. And yet—He seemed to be waiting, so sadly, so patiently, to hear it. She crouched lower, whimpering, and, at last, she managed to get it out.

"I haven't ever really loved You. I haven't ever really thought about You—about You being Real. I—I—haven't even tried to—can't guess—the way You truly Are—"

The darkness seemed to come alive, to move in upon her, the evil within her recognizing the evil she had chosen.

"I'm sorry!" she cried out, bitterly, "Now, now, I'm so terribly, terribly sorry! I never want to be like that again! Never—oh, dear Christ, have mercy!"

Light possessed the room. The dark horrors fled in fear as gradually the Light and the Glory grew. She still knelt, face in her hands, but she could sense that Light through all her being. Light—and peace. And joy, growing like a star in her heart. And strength—growing and building within her because it wasn't her strength any longer, but His.

She felt somehow that He was smiling. She opened her eyes and saw again before her the pierced feet, now no longer terrible but wonderful with all the sheer, breath-taking wonder of self-less Divine Love.

She closed her eyes again, this time in complete trust. "Be still . . . and know that You are God . . . I must be still . . . I must learn Your stillness . . ." She whispered and now it was the right thing to say and now she knew why she was saying it and would begin to live it.

It seemed to her that she felt His robe brush lightly against her. Was it the breeze, or His hand, that lightly touched her hair? She heard the quiet closing of the screen door.

She did not move but continued to kneel in that vast tremendous silence. She was very still indeed. Slowly, oh so very slowly, she began to know . . .



# Reverence, The Voice of The Soul

A Sermon preached in St. Thomas' Church, New York City, by the Rector, The Rev. Frederick M. Morris, D. D.

Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased and whosoever humbleth himself shall be exalted."—Luke 14

Since the beginning of time, men have found themselves strangely moved and motivated by the awareness of certain profound and impenetrable mysteries in the nature of life and the creation. A kind of disquieting yet stimulating spiritual and emotional experience it is to stand on the verge of vast areas of truth which are forever beyond full human comprehension but which suggest great depths of meaning and glory yet to be known. It is also an inevitable experience for every human being unless he deliberately stifles and tramples upon his imagination and upon the impulses of his soul. We call this experience reverence and blessed is the man in whom that quality grows and deepens as life goes on! Miserable and impoverished is the man in whom that potential quality of mind and spirit is neglected, thwarted or denied!

The farther mankind progresses in his knowledge, the more the truly-wise-man discovers which he doesn't know. The more secrets he learns and the more doors he opens, the more unrevealed secrets and unopened doors he finds until life seems indeed like the hydra-headed monster for whose every head cut off, two grow in its place. The wise man grows increasingly humble and reverent in the face of this experience while the fool glories in what he knows and belittles or denies what he does not know. The wise man grows in grace and understanding while the fool becomes increasingly an insufferable egotist. There is a saying that "we are always down on what we are not up on." But that is not true of the good man in whose life the quality of reverence is cultivated.

This drama of conflict between wisdom and folly is re-enacted in every individual life. There is a certain period in adolescence when we all tend to become so conscious and so proud of what we do know that we are very little, if any, aware of the enormous

areas of truth about which we know nothing. Or, if we recognize these areas, we see them all as our apple, soon to be opened and eaten. There is a saying that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing" and the proof of truth in that saying is very easy to see. A little knowledge so often stimulates arrogance, intolerance and irreverence. Of course, there are some people who never outgrow the arrogant blindness and cocksure insensibility of adolescence. That is a major tragedy. But generally as we grow older and experience more of life, we become progressively less conscious of the extent of our knowledge and more conscious of what lies unexplored and unknown beyond the horizon of human comprehension. And the more conscious we become of these areas beyond our present knowledge, the more sure do we become, if we are also spiritually sensitive, that within those areas lie truths of beauty and glory which are more real and enduring than anything easily comprehended within this earthly sphere. For that fact we become increasingly grateful. And with the progress of that spiritual development, the seeds of the plant called reverence begin to put forth shoots and to grow.

It is tremendously important that the plant of reverence have a healthy and sturdy growth within us. The soil is to be cultivated and fed. The weeds which choke it are to be ruthlessly destroyed. For reverence is a high and creative quality of mind and spirit which blesses and beautifies and transforms human nature, giving insight, perception and a new glory in living.

Some people cultivate a wilful blindness to the presence of the moving mystery of life or form habits of flippancy and irreverence in order to protect their inflated and insecure egos. For it is never easy or pleasant anticipation to bow ourselves down in humble humility in the face of anything admittedly greater than ourselves. It is never less than a disturbing and shocking business to open one's mind to the self-belittling awareness of the incomprehensible mystery and the small



human knowledge. It upsets complacency and undermines superficial foundations of security. But once reverence begins to take its healthy root, the unpleasant appearance of the demand for humility disappears and it becomes evident that it is a source of light and blessing.

Other people live under the shadow of a sense of terror in the presence of the impenetrabilities of life, especially death. And they seek relief from that shadow in feverish activity and in the avoidance of solitude. Still other people repudiate the impulses of reverence as a kind of weakness or superstition, trying to maintain a false self-respect by means of stiff-necked self-confidence. But such attitudes are unnatural and unhealthy, taking a heavy toll of anguish and frustration in the long run. Failure to cultivate reverence and to deepen its roots is to encourage blindness, insensitiveness and superficiality. For such failure denies a fundamental capacity within the human makeup—a capacity divinely intended to be used and filled for our own benefit and blessing.

Unless a man has something before which he can bow in deep humility and in genuine reverence with unqualified commitment, he finds that the load of his own ego becomes increasingly heavy until at length it becomes intolerable.

Someone else has said with sensitive perception and insight: "Reverence is a mood of the soul, arising in the presence of the unexplainable. One can feel it when he looks up to the face of a little child within whose fragile life are all the potentialities of divine relationship. One can be aware of it when he gazes upon the immobile features of a loved one lying in the majestic dignity of death." The stars in the heavens, breathtakingly beautiful on a clear night, telling their story of mind-staggering vastnesses, yet at the same time reminding us of infinitely more yet unknown, command the mood of reverence with tremendous power. The mountains at sunset and the ocean in storm have always joined with the chorus of Nature's voices to insist upon the necessity for reverence lest man turn out to be no more than a fool.

The supreme demand for reverence is in the presence of Almighty God, whose hand can be seen and whose footsteps heard on every side, yet every evidence of whose pres-

ence suggests vastly more of the unknown. To be aware that we stand on holy ground in His nearness, to know ourselves as creatures in the hand of the Creator and to be conscious of our utter dependence is to know reverence which brings its own increase of assurance and perception, and which is food for the nourishment of the most beautiful plants in the soil of human character.

Reverence is an exercise in self-forgetfulness and humility which are two of those beautiful plants. Reverence is spiritual rest and recreation which fulfills one of the deepest needs of the human heart. Reverence is an opening of the door to God's presence. Reverence is therapy for the soul which cleanses, relieves, inspires and exalts. Reverence must find expression in worship and adoration. It cannot be permitted to remain an unexpressed sensation else it deteriorates into mere sentimentality which finally poisons rather than sanctifies. It must be expressed in worship and adoration of a personal God. It must then be expressed in loyal service and generous giving of self and of material possessions.

The supreme opportunity for Christians in the cultivation of reverence is found in our worship of and relationship to Jesus





Christ. He came into the world that men might see the beauty of God Himself focused in a perfect human life. He came that men might see in its fullness the glory of the gift of manhood. He came that men might be given a new and heightened awareness of the intermingling of heaven and earth. And in His presence our reverence can be exercised and expressed without qualification yet at the same time with definiteness and sharpness of focus.

That human life and character can be like what we see in Him; that human life in perfection is like Him; that human nature, when fulfilled, can reach such sublime heights—all that exceeds every other source of genuine and vital reverence! It is not enough

that we be reverent in the sense of a vague and generalized wonderment. True reverence includes a degree of loyalty, self-commitment, obedience and dedication to a specific object, expressed in a specific way of living and in specific actions. All that we find in Jesus Christ who is worthy to command of total reverence and able to demand its expression in the everyday business of living.

He that humbleth himself shall be exalted. He that bows down in love and wonder shall be enlightened. He that adores in penitence shall be cleansed. He that yields himself in reverent obedience to Jesus Christ shall find his life renewed and redeemed.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

## Our High Priest

BY SISTER JOSEPHINE, O. S. H.

"For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Hebrews 4:15.

One of our greatest temptations is the sense of frustration in our work; discouragement because we are not able to do for others all that we would like to do. We know that the task is not ours alone, that the Holy Spirit is working constantly in the hearts of those whom we are trying to help, overruling our mistakes, making up for our failures, strengthening and increasing what little good we are able to do, but we long to help. We feel that God has given us a job to do, and all our efforts are so inadequate! People are so unresponsive, situations so bewildering!

Our Lord, "Who was tempted in all points like as we are," knew this same feeling of frustration; we see it again and again in the Gospels. "Have I been so long time with thee, Philip, and yet hast thou not known Me?" "Will ye also go away?" "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen

gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Our Lord must have felt, throughout most of His ministry, that, humanly speaking, His work was a failure. Men were so slow to hear, so hard of heart. He realized, perhaps slowly, that the only way in which He could accomplish His mission was by the Cross. Not by teaching, preaching, or healing; but by complete surrender and suffering, giving the salvation of the world was thus achieved. Therefore He cried, "I have Baptism to be Baptized with, and how am I straitened until it is accomplished!"

There is light for us in this when we feel discouraged. It is not our success in our work that counts, that is most useful to God, but our surrender to Him, our offering of ourselves on behalf of all those whom we long to help, "a reasonable, holy, and living sacrifice." We must not wait until we make that offering a worthy one, or achieve success in the task He has given us to do. This moment only is ours; the past is memory, the future a dream, the present is our point of contact with reality. Now is the time to give ourselves to God, imperfect as we are. Once we realize that of our strength we can do nothing, and are then content to take the lowest place, then the Lord can say to us. "Friend, go up high; for I will use our work, our prayers, our failures, to His glory.







SAINT FRANCIS AND SAINT DOMINIC

## Birthday Commemorations

We begin our Birthday Commemorations this month with a saint who was inflamed with a generous love for souls.

St. Alphonsus, Bishop and Confessor was born into this world Sept. 26, 1696 at Marietta, near Naples and died August 1, 1787. The eighteenth century was not an age renowned for the depth of its Spiritual Life, but it produced three of the greatest missionaries of the Church, St. Leonard of Port Maurice, St. Paul of the Cross and St. Alphonsus Liguori. He came of an old noble family although at times it was a struggle to hold things together. Alphonsus was a bright boy and at the age of sixteen took his degree as Doctor of Laws; this being four years below the required age; at twenty-seven he became one of the leaders of the Neapolitan Bar.

He won most cases in which he served but one day he lost an especially important case when his opposing counsel produced a document which destroyed the whole evidence. This convinced him that this was not to be his life's work. Some time after, during his

ministrations to incurables, he heard an interior voice speaking to him, "Leave the world and give thyself to Me." This he did and took Holy Orders. On October 3, 1731 hearing a call from our Lord to found an order of missionaries at Scala which should work above all else for the neglected goat-herds of the mountains, he founded the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, commonly spoken of as the Redemptorists.

St. Nicodemus, Confessor, was a prominent Jew of the time of Christ. He is mentioned only in the Fourth Gospel. The name Nicodemus is of Greek origin but at that time the name was commonly borrowed by the Jews. This saint was a Pharisee and in his capacity of Sanhedrist was a leader of the Jews. He it was who came to our Lord by night, secretly, for fear of the Jews, and asked "what must I do to be saved?" Again he appears in the Sanhedrin defending our Lord; he also cooperated with Joseph of Arimathea in the embalming and burial of Jesus.

St. Dominic, Confessor, founder of the



Order of Preachers (familiarily known as the Dominican Order) was born at Calarago in old Castile about 1170 and died August 6, 1221. His parents were of the Spanish nobility. In due time Dominic studied for Holy Orders and was ordained priest.

In a journey with his bishop to the South of France, Dominic was appalled at the spread of the Albigensian movement. Their doctrine was rank heresy because it asserted the co-existence of two mutually opposed principles—one good, the other evil. The former is the creator of the spiritual, the latter of the material world. The bishop and Dominic decided to do all they could to uproot this heresy. From this resulted the founding of the Second Order of St. Dominic for women religious. Several efforts were made to induce Dominic to accept episcopal honors, but this he steadfastly refused to do. Dominic saw clearly that a band of devoted men religious was needed to combat heresy; therefore on April 25, 1215 the first convent of the Order of Preachers was founded.

Our next Saint is Oswald, King and Martyr, once a pagan Anglo-Saxon prince. After the death of his father and brothers, Oswald finally won a victory in battle which reunited the Northumbrian Kingdom. Having been taught the principles of the Christian religion he saw to it that the Faith was spread among the Bernicians. This met with great stubbornness on the part of the people. To counteract this St. Aidan from Columba's monastery of Iona was sent. He was successful in establishing an episcopal see at Lindisfarne, where thousands were won to the Faith. Oswald was slain at the battle of Masserfield on August 5, 642.

St. Lawrence is a well-known saint. He was the last of the seven deacons put to death during the persecution of Valerian in 258. Since the fourth century St. Lawrence has been one of the most honored martyrs of the Church. He is pictured in art holding a gridiron on which tradition says he met his death. This is very doubtful, for many popular legends were told of St. Lawrence. However there can be no doubt that St. Lawrence was a real historical person. His entry into the Larger Life is commemorated on August 10.

St. Clare of Assisi, co-foundress of the Order of Poor Ladies, or Clares, and first Abbess of San Damiane, was born at Assisi,

July 16, 1194 and died there August 1253. Her parents were of noble stock and possessed great wealth, so says tradition. Clare was naturally pious, so when Francis came to preach a Lenten course the Church of San Giorgio at Assisi she was in a receptive mood for divine inspiration and became a noted convert.



SAINT CLARE

It was not long after that she went to the humble chapel of Portiuncula, the monastic chapel of St. Francis where she laid aside her rich dress and put on a rough tunic, thick veil and vowed herself to the service of Jesus Christ. This led to the founding of the first community of the Order of Poor Ladies, or Poor Clares, as this second order of St. Francis, came to be known.

St. Helena, widow, mother of Constantine the Great, was born in the third century. She was of humble birth but became



ge of Constantius Chlorus. Constantine is her only son. Empress Helena was rejected by the Emperor, Constantius that he would marry Theodora the step-daughter of Emperor Maximianus Heraclius. Her son, however, remained faithful to his mother and when he became emperor, sent for her to come and live at the imperial court. Through Constantine's influence his mother embraced Christianity which she adorned with many virtues. Tradition says she had many Christian Churches built in the cities of the West. We are also indebted to tradition, first recorded by Rufinus, for the story of St. Helena's discovery of the Cross of Christ.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux, abbot and Doctor, left his mother's womb in 1090, at Fontanes, near Dijon, France. His parents belonged to the highest nobility of Burgundy. As a youngster he showed himself preeminent in knowledge and virtue. Bossuet makes bones about it but says emphatically "Piety was his all." He was especially devoted to the Blessed Mother.

Gathering around him thirty young noblemen of Burgundy, Bernard appeared one day at the monastery of Citeaux and asked to be received into the community which followed the rule of St. Benedict. This worthy group persevered. Soon other foundations were started—the most famous being Clairvaux. So ardent and zealous was Bernard's piety that he drew great numbers into the monastery, among whom were his father and all his brothers. Bernard was the first Cistercian monk placed on the calendar of saints. He was canonized by Alexander III, in 1174. Pope Pius VIII bestowed on him the title of Doctor of the Church.

St. Jane Frances de Chantal was born at Dijon, France, January 28, 1592 of a good family. She married Baron de Chantal and lived in the feudal castle of Bourbilly. While there she came in contact with St. Francis de Sales who was inspired to say of Jane Frances: "In Madame de Chantal I have found the perfect woman, whom Solomon had difficulty in finding in Jerusalem." With such a panegyric how could she escape beatification in 1751 and canonization in 1767? Her feast day is commemorated on August 1.

St. Bartholomew ranks as one of the twelve Apostles. His name means "son of Almai" which was an ancient Hebrew name. This is significant as showing his Hebrew

descent. St. Bartholomew is mentioned in three Gospels and the Book of Acts. Nothing further is known of him for certain. Legend says that he met death by being flayed and crucified head downward. On account of this legend he is often represented in art (e. g. in Michelangelo's Last Judgment) as flayed and holding his own skin in his hand.

St. Augustine of Hippo, Doctor of the Church, came into this world November 13, 354 and died August 28, 430, on which spiritual birthday he is commemorated. His native city was Tagaste, Africa. His mother Monica is credited with having brought Augustine from a life of sinful wanderings to one of great holiness by her constant and zealous prayers.

Last but by no means least is St. Aidan of Lindisfarne, an Irishman who became a monk at Iona in 630 where his virtues shone so resplendantly that he was selected as first bishop of Lindisfarne in the year 635. St. Bede is the one who gives us an account of the magnificent rule of St. Aidan. Bede tells us that "he was a pontiff inspired with a passionate love of virtue but at the same time full of surpassing mildness and gentleness.

St. Aidan is the Patron saint of our beloved Brother Aidan. Asking the good Brother one day why he had chosen St. Aidan as his namesake he replied: "Because he possesses all the virtues I lack." Brother Aidan started his life as a companion of the Order of the Holy Cross on February 10, 1926 the feast day of St. Scholastica. Brother made his life vows as a companion on Low Sunday, 1942 in St. Helena's Chapel in the presence of Father Whitemore and Fr. Packard. Asked if he were happy, a broad smile lighted up his wide countenance and he said "Happy and happier." Thus God deals with a soul who is striving after the virtues of holiness.





# The Augustinian Catena

## CHAPTER XXVI.

*Of the kindness of GOD in olden times.*

1. Call to remembrance, O Lord, Thy mercies of old time, whereby Thou hast blessed us with the benediction of Thy goodness.

For before I, the son of Thy handmaid, was born, Thou O Lord, wast my hope, even from my mother's womb.

Thou hast gone before me, preparing for me the way that I should walk in, that I might come to the glory of Thy house.

Before that Thou formedst me in the womb Thou hast known me; before I came forth from the matrix Thou hast foreordained for me whatsoever pleased Thee.

And I know not what other things are written in the book of Thy secret counsels, and therefore I greatly fear.

2. For verily Thou knowest that what awaits me through the succession of days and seasons, even up to a thousand years of this dispensation, is, in respect of Thy eternity, already accomplished. And that which is to be, is already.

But because in this dark night I stand unknowing, fearfulness and trembling are come about me, while I see so many perils threatening me on all sides, and myself hunted by so many enemies, surrounded by such an innumerable multitude of miseries in this life.

And if, in the midst of so many ills, Thy loving care had not upheld me, I should have despaired.

3. But my great hope is in Thee, O most gentle Prince, my God, and the consideration of the multitude of Thy compassions relieves my mind: and also the signal tokens of Thy mercy, with which Thou hast prevented me even before I was born, and which now have been severally made clear to me: and all these encourage my hope of better and more perfect gifts which of Thy great loving kindness Thou hast laid up for Thy friends: so that with a holy and lively joy I rejoice in Thee, O Lord, Who makest glad my youth.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

*Of the Angels set apart as a guard for men.*

1. Thou hast loved me, O my one and only Love, before ever I loved Thee; and Thou hast made me in Thine image and hast given me the first place among all the creatures that Thou hast made.

And this dignity I now maintain, since I know Thee, Who hast made me for Thyself.

2. Moreover, Thou makest Thine Angelic spirits on my account, commanding them that they should keep me in all my way lest haply I dash my foot against a stone.

These, too, are the guards upon the walls of the city, New Jerusalem, and upon the hills that stand round about her, watching and keeping guard over Thy flock at night, lest the old serpent, our adversary, the devil, who like a roaring lion walks about seeking whom he may devour, should seize our souls and tear them in pieces while there is none to help.

These citizens of the blessed city, the heavenly Jerusalem which is above, and is the Mother of us all, are sent forth to minister to them who are heirs of salvation, that they may deliver them from their enemies and keep them in all their ways, strengthening and warning them, and offering their prayers of Thy children in the presence of the Majesty of Thy glory.

3. And this they do in love to us the fellow citizens, to whom they look to find the stations deserted by their fallen comrades.

So they ever surrounded us with great care and vigilant watchfulness, succouring us at all times and places and providing for our necessities.

*Of the Angels as guard for men.*

And with anxious care do they run to and fro between us and Thee, O Lord, bearing our groans and sighs to Thee, that they may gain for us an easy access to Thy favour, and bring to us the longed-for benediction of Thy grace.





SAINT AUGUSTINE

or they walk with us in all our ways, going out and coming in with us, noting with care whether our manner of life is devout and seemly in the midst of a naughty world.

With what zeal and longing we seek Thy kingdom and the righteousness thereof;

with what fear and trembling we serve Thee; and how our hearts exult in Thee with exceeding great joy.

The Angels help those who labour: they guard those who rest: they encourage those who fight: they crown the victors: they rejoice with them that do rejoice, that is,



that rejoice in Thee: they suffer with those that suffer, that is, those who suffer for Thee.

4. Great is their care of us, great the sympathy of their love towards us, and all on account of the honour of Thine inestimable charity with which Thou hast loved us.

For they love those whom Thou lovest; they guard those whom Thou guardest; they forsake those whom Thou forsakest, neither do they love those who are workers of iniquity.

For Thou hatest all them that work wickedness, and destroyest all them that speak lies.

As often as we do well, the angels rejoice and the demons mourn. But as often as we deviate from the right, we rejoice the devil and deprive the Angels of their joy.

For there is joy among them over one sinner that repenteth, but the devil rejoices when he sees even one righteous man lacking in penitence.

Grant therefore, O Lord, that they may ever have cause to rejoice over the righteous, and that Thou be always praised in us.

And grant that we with them may be brought into Thy one fold, that together we may praise Thy holy Name, O Creator of men and Angels.

5. Having these very things in mind, praising Thee in Thy Presence, I confess how great are these Thy benefits, with which Thou hast honoured us, in that Thou hast given us Thine Angels as ministering spirits.

For Thou hadst given all that is covered by the arch of the heaven, and, as if Thou hast thought all things under heaven to be little, Thou hast added even those which are above the heavens.

Let Thine Angels, O Lord, praise Thee for all this and Thy Saints give thanks unto Thee.

O how wonderfully hast Thou honoured us, who are so unworthy of honour, making us rich, and loading us with gifts.

O how excellent is Thy Name, O Lord, in all the world.

What is man, that Thou hast so magnified him? What has made Thy heart so yearn over him?

For Thou, O Truth of the Ages, hast said: My delights are to be with the sons of men.

But is not man corrupt and the son of man a worm? Is not every man living altogether vanity?

Dost Thou deign to open Thine eyes upon such an one and to bring him into judgment with Thee?

## CHAPTER XXVIII

*Of the unsearchable predestination of the fore-knowledge of GOD*

1. Teach me, O Creative Wisdom, O most profound Abyss, Who hast measured the weight the mountains and hills and have weighed in the balance on the fingers of Thy hand the mass of the earth, I praise Thee, the weight of my present physical state close to Thee with Thine invisible fingers, that I may see and know how excellent art Thou in all the world, Thou Light of the ages, Who didst lighten before all light was, in the holy hill of Thy eternal antiquity, to Whom all things were naked and open before ever they were made; Thou Light, Who hatest all stain, Who art the most pure and immaculate essence, how can Thy delights be with the sons of men? What argument can light and darkness have together? What are Thy delights with man? Where hast Thou prepared for Thyself in me a worthy sanctuary for Thy Majesty, in the which Thou mayest dwell to find pleasure therein?

How pure must be the place where Thou wouldst sup, O purifying Grace, Who can none but the pure in heart may see, much less possess!

2. Where then in man can be found a temple pure enough to receive Thee, Who rulest the world?

Who can make that clean which is conceived and born in sin?

Is it not Thou, Who only art Holy?

And who shall be cleansed from his uncleanness? For according to the law which Thou gavest to our fathers, in the fire thou consumed the mountain and the cloud thou covered the dark water, whosoever touched the mount became unclean.

And we are all unclean: we come forth from the mass of corruption and uncleanness; how can we, who bear the stain of our impurity in our countenance, hope to conceal it from Thee, who seest all?

We cannot become clean unless Thou cleanse us, for Thou only art Holy



Thou dost cleanse, O most Holy One, those among the sons of men in whom Thou art pleased to dwell: whom, by the inscrutable profound secrets of the incomprehensible and hidden judgments of Thy wisdom ever-just, though hidden from us, Thou hast, not for any merit of theirs, foreordained before the world was, called out of the world, justified in the world, and dost glorify in the world to come.

And it is not to all men that Thou hast done this: all the wise men upon earth wonder and are confounded.

And when I consider this, O Lord, I fear greatly and am amazed at the depths of the riches of Thy wisdom and knowledge, for I cannot attain unto it.

Of the incomprehensible judgments of Thy righteousness, Thou makest of the same clay one vessel unto honour and another unto everlasting dishonour.

Those therefore, whom Thou hast chosen out of the multitude to be unto Thee for an holy temple, cleanse Thou, O Lord, by pouring upon them Thy cleansing water: Thou only knowest their number and their names, Who tellest the number of the stars and callest them all by their names.

For their names are written in the book of life, so that not one shall perish.

For all things work together for their good, even sin itself: for when they fall they shall not be cast away, for Thou upholdest them with Thy hand. Thou keepest all their bones, so that not one of them is even bruised.

## CHAPTER XXIX

*Of those who at first were righteous and then became wicked.*

Great are Thy judgements, O Lord, Thou righteous and powerful judge, Who judgest in equity and makest inscrutable and profound judgements.

When I consider these things, all my bones tremble. For no man living upon the earth dares to feel himself safe, but in holy fear, in piety, in chasity we serve Thee all the days of our life and exult in Thee with trembling.

That there is no service without holy fear, nor joy without trembling, that he that girdeth on his armour should not boast as he that putteth it off, nor should any

man be able to glorify himself before Thee, but that all should tremble and quake: while man knows not whether he be worthy of love or hate, but all that is to be is hid from his eyes.

2. For we do not consider it without great trepidation, nor confess it but in great fear, that we have heard from our fathers, O Lord, and indeed have ourselves seen, that many who at first ascended even to the heavens, and builded them nests among the stars, have afterward fallen to the depths, their souls dazed by calamity.

We have seen the stars of heaven fall, caught away by the tail of the dragon: and those who lay prostrate in the dust of the earth, Thy hand, O Lord, has raised up by a wonderful ascension.

We have seen the living die and the dead rising from death: and those who among the sons of God walked up and down in the midst of the furnace of fire, we have seen dissolved into nothingness like mire.

We have seen light become darkness and darkness break forth into light.

For publicans and sinners have entered into the kingdom of heaven, before the rightful inhabitants, and the sons of the kingdom have been cast out into the outer darkness.

3. And wherefore all this, but that they have ascended into that holy mountain, unto which, at the first, one ascended who was Angel, and from which he, becoming devil, fell.

But those whom Thou didst foreordain the sons of men, them Thou didst also call, sanctify and cleanse, that they might be a worthy habitation for Thy Majesty: with them and in them are Thy pure and holy delights, in whom Thou art well pleased: Thou hast made glad their youth, dwelling with them in their memory that they may be an holy temple for Thee.

Of such great dignity and excellence is our human nature capable.



# Our More Than Sufficient Light

BY FREDERICK WARD KATES

I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

—St. John 8:12

The avenue by which countless men have come into direct knowledge of God is discipleship to Him who said He was "the light of the world" and who for 19 centuries has abundantly proved the claim to be true. It is by pursuing this path faithfully, the pathway of discipleship to Jesus Christ of Nazareth, that today's pilgrim making his passage through this earthly career can best come to the reward he seeks.

Against the background of the inherent and fundamental mystery that envelops our life Jesus stands out literally as "the light of the world" supplying men with what light always gives: illumination, warmth, power, and hope.

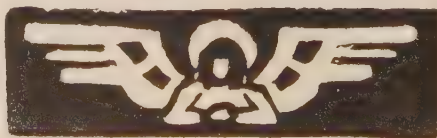
Jesus brings light into our dark world concerning the nature of God. As a matter of fact, without the light He brings, mankind would be without certain and certified knowledge of God. The supreme moment of history was when Jesus stood on this earth and proclaimed: "he that hath seen me hath seen the Father . . ." (St. John 14:9). Ever since that day men have known definitely about the nature of God, that God is, at least, what Jesus Christ was and revealed. God is assuredly more than Jesus was and showed forth to men, but God is at least what Jesus revealed Him to be. This knowledge is sufficient for most men to whom otherwise God is perforce just a vague word empty of specific content, "an oblong blur", or some cold abstraction of the metaphysician.

More than certain knowledge of God, Jesus brings men information on how to get to God. Plato once remarked that his ideas provided a raft on which we might sail, though somewhat precariously, "unless, indeed, there come some word from God, which

may more safely carry us." This "word from God" for which Plato hoped is Jesus Christ of Nazareth, Christianity affirms. Jesus, Eternal God Incarnate, Christianity claims. Jesus Himself announced, "I am the way, the truth, and the life . . ." (St. John 14:6)—the way to God, the truth regarding God, the life of God. He also asserted, ". . . no man cometh unto the Father, but by me" (St. John 14:6), in these words answering all our questions about how to get to God and marking out for us the route to travel. We no longer need men live without knowledge concerning how to align their lives with God and effect union with Him. The way to God is through Jesus, by means of Him.

And without the light that comes from Jesus we would not have the remotest explanation of the tragedy of life. We would have no light at all to comfort us, to help us understand, had not God Himself come among us to share our lot, to know and bear our pain, to suffer not only for us but also with us. "The good news of Christianity," W. R. Inge, the late Dean of St. Paul's, London, has said, "is that suffering is itself divine. It is not foreign to the experience of God Himself." So, to the Christian, the suffering of Jesus is not just an episode, but a revelation.

"I am come a light unto the world, that whosoever believeth on me should not abide in darkness." (St. John 12:46). So He spoke and so we have found to be true. Though the world is, and perhaps will always be, a dark place in many aspects and though life remains for most human beings a perplexing experience, we do have—and we rejoice to affirm it—quite enough light to live by, and even gloriously and thankfully, and all because of Him who is our more than sufficient light. As someone has said: "God, stooping, showed us enough of Himself to live by."







## The Perfect Sacrifice

BY JAMES O. S. HUNTINGTON, O. H. C.

*Gather My saints together unto Me: those that have made a covenant with Me with sacrifice.* Psalm 1:5

"Sacrifice" is a familiar word in our ordinary conversation. We may, of course, use it with an ennobling consciousness of giving our best to God, but very often we mean simply some pain or loss that we experience. Thus we say: "It will be a very hard sacrifice," or "I suppose I ought to make the sacrifice."

Now that second use is not at all the meaning of sacrifice in either the Old Testament or New. In both of them, sacrifice most often means not an uncomfortable deprivation in our own lives but an actual *thing*, aside of and independent of ourselves, although in some sense our own. That *thing* may be animate or inanimate, a living creature which is the property of the offerer, the fruits of the earth, raised or gathered by a man who brings them—perhaps converted to food and drink by his skill and labor.

Such a *thing* becomes a sacrifice when it is offered up to God in acknowledgement of His sovereign claim to man's allegiance and love, and as a means for bringing men nearer to Him. Strictly speaking, the sacrifice is not made until the thing has been changed in some way. If it is a living creature, it must ordinarily be slain, so that the blood is shed. If the thing is without life it must be burnt or poured out.

Moreover, to be acceptable to God, the thing that is sacrificed to Him must be that which He has chosen; it must be offered in the place that He has appointed; it must be presented to Him in the way that He has prescribed. By conformity with God's requirements in all these details, the man who brings the sacrifice shows that he presents himself to God in obedience, in penitence for his sins, in loving desire to be united with His Maker. Unless this is the moral and spiritual attitude of the man, his offering of sacrifice becomes his own condemnation.

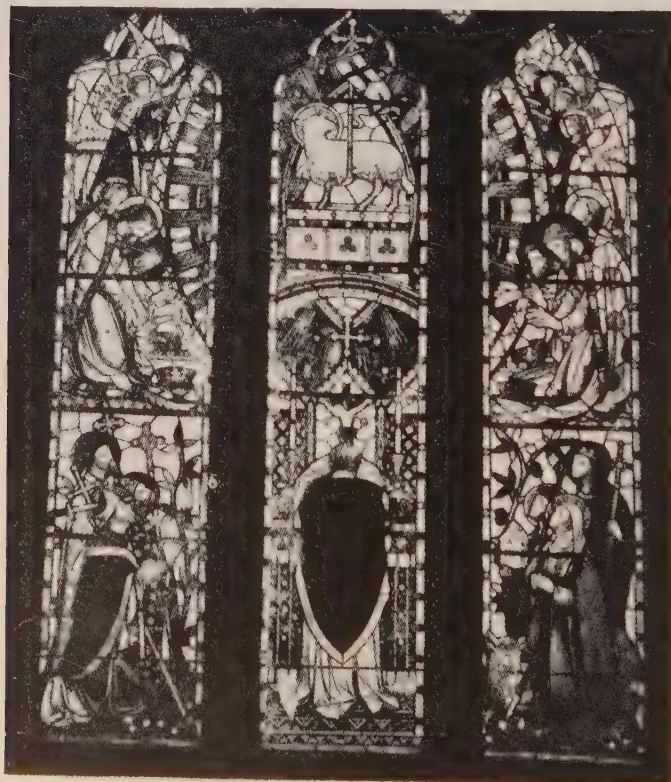
All through the Old Testament, the offerings of the unrighteous or hypocritical are condemned, with more and more terrible severity. "I hate, I despise your feast days . . . though ye offer me burnt-offerings . . . I will not accept them . . . But let judgement run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream."

# I

Under the Old Covenant, the Jewish religion, there were three distinct kinds of sacrifice: burnt-offerings, sin-offerings, and peace-offerings. The significance of these was made very clear. They meant respectively the entire surrender of man the creature to God as His Creator, the removal of the barrier which man's disobedience had placed between him and God, and the joyous thanksgiving of man in being restored to God and entering into union with Him.

All those sacrifices have passed away for-

ever. But it is only as the dawn passes away because the sun has risen. The sacrifices of the Old Law were imperfect, they belonged to an order that was to pass away. They made those who offered them a little less unfit to worship God on earth; they could not of themselves make men worthy to enter into the Presence of God in heaven. But what they could not accomplish, what they could only foreshadow and promise has been completely and gloriously wrought out by our divine Redeemer, Jesus Christ. He is both Offerer and Offering, both Priest and Victim. He made Himself by His death upon the cross, the "one oblation," "the full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world." St. Leo the Great says: "That which was hidden under dark type in one Jewish temple, being made fully manifest, is devoutly celebrated throughout every nation . . . N



OUR SACRIFICIAL LAMB



so, the diversity of carnal sacrifices ending, in the oblation of Thy one Body and Blood fulfilling all kinds of sacrifices; for Thou art the only Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world, and in Thee is accomplished the great mystery, that as one sacrifice is made for all victims, so one kingdom should be made of all nations."

## II

But perfect as is the sacrifice which our Lord makes of His own Body and Blood, His human soul and will, that sacrifice can be of no avail to us unless we too are sacrificed, in and with Him. The requirements of the Christian Law are not less, but far more, exacting than those of the Jewish Law. And that our Lord did for us in His Life and Death, all that He is doing for us, in heaven and on the altars of the Catholic Church, will be in vain, unless we are living victims, burnt-offerings, sin-offerings, peace-offerings, unless we are living the crucified life, unless day by day, in all our actions and sufferings, we "offer and present" "ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable holy and living sacrifice" to God. Our Lord did not suffer that we might lead painless lives, but that our joys and sorrows might make us sharers in His sacrifice. Unless they have this result, we shall at last find in the Cross not our refuge but our reprobation.

## III

Let us discover in the Sacrifice of the Cross, illustrated for us in the sacrifices God ordained of old, the pattern for our lives in self-dedication, penitence for sin, and union with God.

1. *The Burnt-offering.* In this sacrifice in the Jewish temple, the prominent feature was that the victim was wholly consumed by fire. On the great altar of burnt-offering, the fire was ever burning and the whole burnt-offering was ever ascending in smoke and flames. It was renewed by the lamb that was slain every morning at nine o'clock, every afternoon at three, but the offering never ceased, and all other sacrifices were joined with it. It was the most comprehensive offering, for it expressed the primary and essential relation of man to God, and of what that fundamental relation demanded of man that he should be and do. It was offered as a symbol of the offerer's own entire dedication of himself, his soul and

body, as not his own but God's and to be restored as due to the Giver." This "sacrifice of unconditional self-surrender" was owed to God simply by the fact of his creation. But it is just this sacrifice which man is no longer able to make. He cannot bring himself as a perfect sacrifice, for his nature is marred and maimed by transgression and disobedience. He is no longer either able or worthy to present himself to the all-holy God. And so God Himself became Man, to make of His Sacred Humanity a whole burnt-offering, that in and through Him man may present himself to his Maker. "For such an High Priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heaven . . . He offered up Himself." Are we therefore dispensed from offering ourselves to God? No, we are to be—in Christ we can be—continual whole burnt-offerings, "giving ourselves to God with every breath we breathe," devoted to Him in all our powers, intellect, will, secret thoughts, desires, affections, all our actions, all our daily work, a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God.

2. *The Sin-Offering.* As has just been shown, man is by sin shut out from the temple, wherein alone he can offer a sacrifice pleasing to God, and consecrate himself to Him. Man has no power of himself to remove the barrier that he himself has raised, to abolish the estrangement between himself and God. And, therefore, he needs a sin-offering, to cleanse and heal him, to make him worthy to pass within the temple and be "accepted in the Beloved." The salient feature in the Jewish sin-offering was the sprinkling of the blood of the victim. "The sprinkling of the blood was 'to make atonement,' to prepare access to God which had been hindered by sin." Our Lord is our great Sin-offering. He has "offered one sacrifice for sins forever," and we, sinners though we are, can have "our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience," and "boldness to enter into the holiest by the Blood of Jesus." But we must own our sins if we would disown them. The penitent Israelite who brought a trespass-offering, stood with his hands between the horns of the victim, and confessed his sins in the hearing of the priest. "I have sinned, I have done perversely, I have rebelled and done thus and thus, but I return by repentance before Thee, and let this by my expiation." Shall we Christians, who know

that sin has cost the death of the Lamb of God, be less concerned to be freed from it?

3. *The Peace-offering.* The characteristic feature of the peace-offering was the feast upon the sacrifice. That sacrificial meal expressed "communion and fellowship between those who fed at the same table; the peace-offering, therefore, set forth that peace which is the result of perfect self-surrender to God, when sin has been removed, and the creature's will has been offered up, a whole burnt-offering, to be united with the holy will of God upon the altar of sacrifice." Part of the victim was laid on the great altar of burnt-sacrifice, where the whole burnt-offering was ever being consumed by fire; part of the victim was the food of the officiating priests; and the larger part was feasted on by the offerer and his household. "The offerer, the priest, and God, all fed together." This feast carried the faithful Israelite back in thought to that Passover Supper, when God's people went out from

under their long slavery in Egypt. On that night the lambs had been slain, and blood sprinkled on the lintels and door-posts of every Jewish dwelling, safeguarding them within from the angel of destruction. The Israel, about to become a free nation under Jehovah as their King, ate of the roasted lambs, that the people might take their journey to the land of promise. That was a true sacrifice, though not laid upon the altar. And the peace-offering renewed the oneness between God and His people. Our Lord, the true Paschal Lamb, "Our Passover sacrificed for us." He has redeemed us from the slavery of sin; He has made us another nation, a peculiar people to Himself. He has instituted a Feast in which He Himself, the Lamb of God, is our Food. It is a Holy Communion, for therein we have fellowship with God, and with one another in His members of His household, brothers and sisters in the blameless family of God. "Therefore let us keep the feast," in the peace of God, in the bonds of mutual love.



## Book Reviews

FOR ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS  
by the Very Rev. Corwin C. Roach, Ph. D.  
(Greenwich: The Seabury Press, 1955)  
pp. 215. Cloth. \$3.25.

The title is apt; it is an all around book. It is partly historical, partly critical, partly devotional, partly explanatory. A wealth of material is given in its closely-packed pages and one needs to read carefully not to miss anything. I almost missed the punch in "intercessions, thanksgiving and thank

living"! There are many such telling twigs throughout the book.

The exposition is based upon familiar words taken from the Daily Offices, Prayer and Thanksgivings and Litany, which are to be found within the first sixty pages of the Book of Common Prayer. The treatment of the seasonal sentences of Morning and Evening Prayer is excellent and could well be used as meditation material. The same can be said of the intercessory petitions in the Litany which make up Chapter XIV.



There is an unfortunate emphasis on turning Prayer as *the* corporate act of worship on Sunday to the detriment of the priority of Holy Communion. After the fine discussions last year on the Liturgy at the Anglican Congress, we thought this kind of thinking had become outmoded. Another defect is the author's use of the word *ecumenicity* to mean the collection.

—S. J. A.

THE CHRISTIAN HOPE, THE PRESENCE AND THE PAROUSIA, *by J. E. Fison*. (New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1954) pp. xi + 268. Cloth \$4.50.

Canon Fison writes this book at fever pitch. One cannot help but be caught up with the emphasis and enthusiasm. In brief, he says that we Christians are not showing, or living according to, the Hope that is ours. We talk about Faith and Charity which are connected with the continuing presence of God, but we fail to give full scope to the virtue of Hope which looks forward to the Parousia, the Return of God the Son. The author points to the hope and expectancy of the Communists and of the recently freed peoples of what were colonial states. What can we offer them? They are looking forward eagerly to great things in their material progress, which will culminate, for the Marxist, in the Supreme Classless State. We, on the other hand, believe in a hierarchy with God at the top and we do little to manifest that we are happy or joyful about the future when God's Kingdom will come in all its fullness. And just what are we doing to build that Kingdom now? Canon Fison goes on to criticize penetratingly some of the major weaknesses in our so-called Christian way of living. Are we content to let the inner man do it when it comes to racial tensions and economic inequalities?

No, we are to look forward, not to "pie in the sky," but to the Author and Redeemer of our race. "The Christian eschatological hope is built upon the coming of a person, and morbid introspection at the prospect gives way to the wonder of faith which has no confidence in itself at all, but only in him who justifies 'the ungodly.'"

Unfortunately, in seeking to pour out his labor on the printed page, the author is not always as coherent or methodical as he might be (but neither was St. Paul!). A great many

phrases are reiterated until the reader is rather irritated by them. Reference is made to the "middle wall of partition" of Ephesians 2:14 four times within thirteen pages, which seems wearisome. And yet this very repetition may well serve to impress the reader with the need to do something about our walls of partition. "For who knows whether the 'iron curtain' of today may not owe its origin to the 'middle wall of partition' still existing in the Christian church of the Rhineland just over one hundred years ago?"

—S. J. A.

ST. GREGORY OF NYSSA, THE LORD'S PRAYER, THE BEATITUDES. Translated and annotated *by Hilda C. Graef*. (Westminster, Maryland: The Newman Press, 1954) pp. 210. Cloth. \$3.00.

RUFINUS, A COMMENTARY ON THE APOSTLES' CREED. Translated and annotated *by J. N. D. Kelly, D. D.* (Westminster, Maryland: The Newman Press, 1955) pp. 166. Cloth. \$2.75.

These two books are volumes 18 and 20 respectively in the excellent series ANCIENT CHRISTIAN WRITERS, which is being produced in England by Longmans, Green and Co., and in this country by The Newman Press. The high standard set in the early works of the series is maintained here too. In each case an Introduction is provided by the translator which gives the reader a good historical background and a brief survey of the life of the writer. Then comes the text unencumbered and uninterrupted by notes or other distractions. This is particularly commendable in St. Gregory's works, as one could well use his writings for spiritual reading and meditations and would not want critical notes to interrupt the flow of the thought. But, after the text, there are full and precise notes given on both the introduction and the text. These are mainly for scholars who will want to check sources, although the ordinary reader will find plenty of interest in them too.

We have already had the pleasure to review the 19th volume in this series on Origen (March issue of *The Holy Cross Magazine*), in which was discussed the cloud under which he has long been held. St. Gregory of Nyssa, being considered somewhat tainted with Origenism, has also suffered. He is called one of The Three Great

Cappadocians, but has not been held in as high honor as the other two: his brother, St. Basil, and St. Gregory Nazianzen. However, along with Origen, there is an appealing human quality to his writings and an emphasis on love which fully covers any faults one may find in his doctrine. The smooth rendition in English accomplished by the translator makes these treatises by the Bishop of Nyssa on the Lord's Prayer and the Beatitudes a joy to read as well as spiritual nourishment. Here is material for both the scholar and the seeker after spiritual perfection.

Rufinus should especially appeal to 20th Century readers. He had to carry on his life and work in the midst of confusion and distress. He seems to have suffered during the Arian persecutions which followed upon the death of St. Athanasius. Much of Rufinus' time was taken up in works of translation and he made many of the writings of the Greek Fathers known to the Latin West. Unfortunately, by his translating Origen's *De Principiis*, he came to be considered as an Origenist. Even before this, both Rufinus and St. Jerome had been accused of being such. Naturally Jerome flew into the fray to defend himself, but Rufinus was more reticent; so his later translation of Origen's work only seemed to confirm what some already thought of him. When later still, St. Jerome, in his caustic manner, also poured opprobrium on Rufinus, the latter's reputation suffered a discredit from which it is only now being rescued. The present volume, it is hoped, will do much to effect this rescue.

In the early centuries of Christian history, it was customary for each local church to develop its own credal formula. Not many samples of these creeds have come down to us. Rufinus held that the apostles, before their dispersion from Jerusalem, promulgated a credal statement, each one contributing a clause. Each church had to some extent preserved this "Apostles' Creed" but there were local variations. For Rufinus, the Roman form was the most reliable, partly because this church had been particularly free from heresy and partly because Roman catechumens were required to make a public recitation of their new symbol of faith. This, he felt, would serve to keep the credal formula inviolate.

But, since he himself had been baptized



using the form known in the church of Aquileia, Rufinus bases his *Commentary* on the Aquileian Creed. The town of Aquileia was situated in north-east Italy, at the head of the Adriatic, not far from Rufinus' own birthplace, and was subsequently destroyed by Attila in 452. It is of great interest that Rufinus draws attention to divergences that occur between the Roman and Aquileian forms of the Creed. For the benefit of the reader, Dr. Kelly provides in his introduction both Latin and English versions of the two forms as they were known to Rufinus.

Although Rufinus, along with all his contemporaries, uses conceits which we may find forced in our way of thinking, he is primarily writing for the newly-baptized and much of his argument is as cogent now as it was then. For instance, take a passage on the resurrection of the body: "You should not, however, draw the conclusion that what is here promised runs counter to the body's natural constitution. It is our belief, founded on Scripture, that God took the slime of the earth when He made man, and that to form the nature of our body He changed earth into flesh by His decree. If so, why should you think it absurd or contradictory that just as we hold earth to have been promoted so as to form animal body, in exactly the same way we should believe animal body to have been promoted so as to form spiritual body?"

An announcement on the dust covers of these volumes should be repeated here. *Scholars everywhere in the English-speaking world are preparing further volumes. Subscriptions to the entire series are favored with a discount of 20%.*

—S. J.



THE PRINCE OF LIFE, Episcopal Church Fellowship Series Course 7. (New York: Morehouse-Gorham Co., 1955) Teacher's Guide pp. 160. Paper. \$2.00. Pupil's Reader pp. 240. Paper. \$1.95.

The first impression of this course is a startling one, for it begins in the middle. Not only do the assignments begin in the middle of the Pupil's Reader, but study begins with one of the parables told by our Lord during his active ministry. This makes the course conform to the Church Year, rather than giving the study of the Christmas story come September and the story of the Resurrection several weeks after Easter, as so often happens in courses on the life of our Lord.

The Pupil's Reader is written in an interesting style, and most of the lessons contain enough material to be a real challenge to the students. The incidents of our Lord's life are presented and in many cases the meaning behind the incident is touched on briefly, but fully enough to provoke thought and class discussion. There are some few instances in which obvious opportunities for Catholic teaching have been overlooked, but these can perhaps be supplied by a well-informed teacher.

The Teacher's Guide has many good features, not the least of which is its emphasis on the necessity of developing the teacher's own spiritual life as the source of what is to be given to the pupils. The concrete suggestions given for procedure in teaching each session will be a help to many. The background material for the lessons is good so far as it goes, but often rather sketchy. The books recommended for reference will compensate for this lack if they are available to the teacher.

The worksheets which accompany the course will perhaps present less temptation to the teacher to "fall into a rut" of filling in the blanks than will the bound workbook.

STORIES FOR YOUNG CHURCHMEN, Episcopal Church Fellowship Series Course 6. (New York: Morehouse-Gorham Co., 1954) Cloth \$2.50.

This book published recently for use with the Episcopal Church Fellowship Series, includes stories from the Bible, the lives of the saints, the foreign mission field, and the familiar incidents of everyday life. It is written in a readable style which should appeal to junior

boys and girls of the Church, and provides much valuable supplementary material for use in the Church School.

STARS APPEARING by Sibyl Harton. (New York: Morehouse-Gorham Co., 1955) pp. xiii + 274. Cloth \$3.00.

In this book Sibyl Harton has given us brief accounts of the lives of sixty-eight saints which appear in the Prayer Book Calendar. The first two sections of the book are composed of the lives of saints we all know and love—though often with seldom-told incidents included. But the chief value of the book for many will lie in the section of "Saints of the British Isles" in which we are introduced to many saints who have hitherto been no more than names in a Church History book.

THE LORD'S PRAYER by Gardiner M. Day. (Greenwich, Connecticut: The Seabury Press, 1954) pp. 98 Cloth \$1.75.

Published by The Seabury Press, THE LORD'S PRAYER is sub-titled "An Interpretation"—and so it is. Not only an interpretation of the Lord's Prayer, but of prayer. In such a short work it would be hard to say anything really new on the subject, but Fr. Day restates many truths of which we need to be reminded. Illustrations by Allan Rohan Crite add much material for meditation.

GROWTH IN PRAYER by Roger C. Schmuck & Theodore M. Switz (Greenwich, Conn., 1955) Leaders Guide, paper, 25c. Home Reading Assignments—The Discipline of Prayer: Parts 1, 2 & 3. Publisher & date same.

Additional help in the life of prayer is to be found in this packet, a course for adult education published by Seabury Press. The packet contains a leader's manual and three manuals for home reading. It contains concrete suggestions which should enable the parish priest to give his people real assistance in beginning or continuing a systematic prayer life.

THE CHILD'S FIRST SONGS IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION by Louise M. Oglevee. (New York: Morehouse-Gorham Co., 1955) pp. 69. Paper \$1.25.

This volume of songs is attractively printed, and some of the instructions will be very useful in working with small children; but there are others which are not in accord with the best Church teaching, and many of the songs themselves will not add much to the child's religious heritage.

—M. M., O. S. H.

## Versailles Notes

This convent came limping in at the tail end of the novena for the Religious Life, which we make every year from Ascension to Pentecost. We forgot it, began late, and did the beginning at the end. Meanwhile the children at school were occupied with their final examinations. Prize Day was June 4. There were a multitude of awards and speeches, and an Ember Day banquet, with creamed tuna fish in patty shells. Father Haynes and Father Webb, fathers of two of the graduates, spoke on Baccalaureate Sunday and Commencement. By four o'clock on June 6 the big building was silent and almost empty. Good-byes had been said, trunks waited in the back hall, and the faculty relaxed for a bit before tackling final reports, etc. Another school year was over, another class launched—eleven of them—and the work was, for the moment, ended. But not for long.

On the 7th, three seminarians from the Lexington Seminary came to hake a retreat before their ordination to the diaconate. The following week-end Father Turkington gave a short retreat for eight friends and associates. Monday we began a Vacation Church School Workshop. The learned and skilled Vacation School Leaders we had invited had one by one regretted, and we were left with a conference made up entirely of members.

Father Jim Purman served as leader for the sessions. Besides the Sisters we had two women from Grace Church, Louisville, who came to learn how to help us with their Vacation School, planned for the end of June; our Associate, Dr. Nelle Bellamy, Professor of Church History at the Lexington Seminary; Charles Ford, a seminarian; Mrs. Purman; our chaplain, Father McKinley; the Rev. and Mrs. Charles Hansell, of the Presbyterian Church in Richmond, Ky. Father Turkington was with us for the first session, and he opened the conference with a description of the catechetical method used in children's missions.

After that, we had to use our own resources. As one member demonstrated some technique, game or craft, the others became vacation school children. We were entranced with Charles Hansell's action song and wonderful Bible stories—he is almost as

good as Father Whittemore when it comes to Pharisees, though his technique comes straight from the mountains. At the end we sat and bowed our heads as he prayed with us, very simply and with deep sincerity.

Sister Francis demonstrated the flannel board technique she has devised for use with Father Baldwin's "Lessons for Children" using symbols instead of "store-bought" pictures, and Sister Rachel demonstrated the catechetical method, complete with questions, instruction, game of good marks, admonition and story. Next day Father McKinley turned up with his home-work, a series of illustrations of the instruction on the Faith. He couldn't write, he said, and the boys and girls who can't write can draw pictures as he had been told.

Charles Ford and Father Jim put us through some strenuous games. We learned that "Steal the Bacon" and "Planting Beans" are excellent for "wearing them down." Good to know—it might come in handy someday.

Sister Jeanette demonstrated handwork—modelling in plasticene, hand puppets, and working with papier mache. Father Hose, Rector of St. John's came to our closing meeting and gave us some very helpful practical suggestions.

In the middle of the conference we went off to Mt. Sterling to the ordination. It was a joy to be able to be present at that great moment for six young men for whom we had with whom we had so often prayed.

Next was the Howe Conference. Sister Jeanette and Sister Frances had one day—a long beautiful day, the Feast of The Sacred Heart,—between the Vacation School Conference and Howe. They had *nothing to do all day* but say their prayers, do their share of housework, pack for the journey, collect books, pamphlets, and last minute ideas for their courses, delegate their jobs, and mend their wimples. Early next morning they set out on the bus. The conference was great—one busy, happy mess of kids, priests, Sisters, teachers, learning, singing, praying, fooling together and enjoying it all.

And after that—with a day in between—Sisters Mary Teresa and Francis conducted a ten-day Vacation Church School at Grace Church in Louisville. Our valiant help



and our preparation made the work much easier. July 4 was set aside for a picnic, and the next night the closing exercises were held, with the usual giving of medals and prizes. It was a special blessing to us to be able to work at Grace Church, the parish which has been so close to us ever since we came to Kentucky twenty-four years ago.

The work at school went on as it always does in June or July. The building was put in order for another year, and all the routine of the office, enrollment, book ordering, course planning, etc. went on day by day. Father Edmund Souder and Mrs. Souder spent July with us. Father Souder served as summer Chaplain while Father McKinley was on his holiday.

### Newburgh Notes

The Associates' Retreat at the Motherhouse was held June 1-4. At least, it began as an Associates' Retreat, but when word spread that Father Adams was giving such wonderful meditations, the crowd attending them multiplied, and became more Sisters than Associates.

The second week in June found the Convent at Forge Hill manned by a "skelton crew" because on Trinity Sunday the Novitiate went away for their annual rest together a week of swimming, boating, fishing, etc. to camp St. George in the Catskills. On Corpus Christi our chaplain, Father Carthers, went to Camp and said Mass, and some of the Sisters from the Convent attended the Corpus Christi celebration at West Park.

Sister Mary Joseph and Sister Mary Michael conducted a Daily Vacation Church

School in Beaumont, Texas June 13-24, after which Sister Mary Joseph spoke about the life and work of the Order in New Orleans and Sister Mary Michael spoke at the Church in Brenham, Texas.

A group from Moorestown, N. J., came to the Convent for a visit June 24-26, and Sister Mary Florence conducted a Quiet Day for them on the 25th. Another group from the same Church came July 15-17, and had a Quiet Day, conducted by Sister Mary Michael.

July 3-15 Sister Mary Joseph conducted a Daily Vacation Church School at St. Andrew's Church, Beacon, where she has been helping with the released time teaching and work in the parish this year. Sister Mary Florence conducted a Daily Vacation Church School at High Falls, N. Y., July 18-29.



DAFFODIL PICKING AT NEWBURGH

Some of these children had never been out of the city before



### Vocation

Dear Lord,  
 I saw the beauty of the earth,  
 The trees, the flowers,  
 All; I saw the children's mirth.  
 I felt the gentle breeze.  
 I heard the bird's sweet call,  
 I loved it all;  
 And yet, I longed for more—  
 Something to fill the void  
 Within my soul,  
 Something whole;  
 Something that contained each joy,  
 Each, all, and yet  
 Where'er I turned I found alloy.  
 Until—Ah, sweet and wonderful  
 I heard Thy voice;  
 That I must come to Thee,  
 Must rest at last in Thee.  
 My Love,  
 I come, my heart is Thine alone.  
 Complete Thy Love and take me for  
 Thine own.

—The Southern Cross.

Have you ever wondered whether God was calling you to the Religious Life? Have you, as a teacher or Church worker, ever wished that you knew more about the Religious Life in our Communion so that you could advise girls with whom you come in contact? Do you, as a priest, have any girls in your congregation who want to know more about the Religious Life? If so, this article is for you.

Vocational Guidance Conferences for College Students are becoming an increasingly important part of our Church's ministry to young people. At some of these conferences, Sisters have been asked to present the Religious Life as one among the many possible Christian vocations for girls. It is difficult to explain the Religious Life in an hour's time to girls who know almost nothing of it, and in any case the best way to find out what it is all about is to come to a Convent and see. So, a conference on the Religious Life for young women is being planned, to be held at the Convent of St. Helena, Newburgh, New York, September third, fourth, and fifth.

The Conference program will include discussions of the fundamental principles of the Religious Life, led by the Father Superior of the Order of the Holy Cross, and discus-

sions of the life and work of Sisters led by various Sisters and by priests who have Sisters working in their parishes. Members of the conference will have the opportunity to attend Mass and the Divine Office in the Convent Chapel, and to share to some extent in the life and work of the Convent while they are there. There will be a conducted meditation each day, and opportunities for individual conferences with the Priests and Sisters who are taking part in the conference. The Conference will close with a visit to Holy Cross Monastery and meditation on the Religious Life conducted by Father Whittemore.

Membership of the conference will be limited to twelve young women between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. It is intended primarily for those who feel that they may perhaps have a vocation to the Religious Life, and for those who, as teachers, student workers, or directors of religious education want to know more about it in order to guide those with whom they are working. For further information please write to: The Sister Prioress, O. S. H., Convent of St. Helena, R. D. 4 Box 397, Newburgh, New York.

### Current Appointments

*Father Superior* will hold a Quiet Day August 18 at Trinity Cathedral, Easton, Maryland.

*Bishop Campbell* will be leaving for Africa this month to take up work at our Liberian Mission.

From August 18 to 29 *Father Turkington* will be conducting the Long Retreat for the Order of Saint Helena at their Mother House in Newburgh, N. Y.

On the Sundays of August *Father Harkins* will be doing work at Saint Andrew's Church, New Paltz, N. Y.

*Father Harris* will be leaving for Springfield, Illinois on August 27 where he will be working until the 22nd of September.

On August 14, *Father Packard* will be at Saint Andrew's, Beacon, N. Y.

*Father Adams* will be at Margaret H. School and the Convent of the Order of Saint Helena in Versailles, Kentucky from August 10 to 14.

A retreat for the Community of Saint Mary, Peekskill, N. Y., will be conducted by *Father Stevens* from August 23 to 30.



# An Ordo of Worship and Intercession Aug. - Sept. 1955

- Within the Octave of the Assumption BVM Semidouble W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop cr pref BVM through Octave unless otherwise directed—for the Order of St. Helena
- Within the Octave Semidouble W Mass as on August 16—for the Priests Associate*
- Within the Octave Semidouble W gl col 2) St. Helena QW 3) of the Holy Spirit cr—for the Order of the Holy Paraclete*
- Within the Octave Semidouble W Mass as on August 16—for the Confraternity of the Love of God*
- St. Bernard Ab Double W gl col 2) Octave cr—for the Seminarists Associate
- 11th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) St. Jane Frances de Chantal W 3) Octave cr pref of Trinity—for the sanctification of priests
- Octave of the Assumption Gr Double W gl cr—for the Society of St. John the Evangelist
- Vigil of St. Bartholomew V col 2) of St. Mary 3) for the Church or Bishop—for the bishops of the Church
- St. Bartholomew Ap Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Apostles—for the missions of India
- St. Louis KC Double W gl—for the Tertiaries of St. Francis
- Friday G Mass of Trinity xi col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for the Confraternity of the Christian Life
- Of St. Mary Simple W gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref BVM (Veneration) —for the American Church Union*
- 12th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) St. Augustine BCD cr pref of Trinity—for the Order of St. Augustine
- Beheading of St. John Baptist Gr Double R gl cr—for the Sisters of St. John the Baptist
- Tuesday G Mass of Trinity xii col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for Church hospitals
- St. Aidan BC Double W gl—for the Companions of the Order of the Holy Cross
- September 1 St. Giles Ab Simple W gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for the Order of St. Francis
- Friday G Mass of Trinity xii col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib*—for the Brotherhood of St. Barnabas
- Of St. Mary Simple W Mass as on August 27—for the Oblates of Mt. Calvary*
- 13th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib* cr pref of Trinity—for faithfulness to Baptism and Marriage vows
- Monday G Mass of Trinity xiii col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib*—for the reunion of christendom
- Tuesday G Mass of Trinity xiii col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for the sick and suffering
- Wednesday G Mass as on September 6—for Social workers
- Nativity BVM Double II Cl W gl cr pref BVM—for the Community of St. Mary
- St. Peter Claver C Double W gl—for the Liberian Mission
- Of St. Mary Simple W Mass of Nativity BVM gl col 2) of the Holy Spirit 3) for the Church or Bishop pref BVM—for the Sisterhood of the Holy Nativity*
- 14th Sunday after Trinity Semidouble G gl col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for our enemies
- Monday G Mass of Trinity xiv col 2) of the Saints 3) for the faithful departed 4) *ad lib*—for the persecuted
- Tuesday G Mass of Trinity xiv col 2) of the Saints 3) *ad lib*—for world peace
- Exaltation of the Holy Cross Double II Cl R gl cr pref of Passiontide—for the Order of the Holy Cross
- Seven Sorrows BVM Gr Double W gl seq cr pref BVM (Transfixion)—for greater devotion to Our Lady
- St. Cyprian BM Double R gl col 2) Edward Bouverie Pusey C—for vocations to the religious life

## . . . Press Notes . . .

When I came back to West Park and the office in the Press Department, I thought that I had left behind me the thoughts and work that are necessary this time of the year about what is to be done about the Church School. I find that is not so, for I see it is time to remind priests and school teachers that they must begin to think of the Church School that will be opening in September. At least I don't have to worry about what I am going to do—for I am reminding you that Holy Cross has a number of "courses" that will help a great deal. They are listed on the back cover—read the items over and decide to use some of them this Fall. And order NOW, so that you will have them on time and not ask us to RUSH THIS ORDER, please. You know that phrase is a pretty good give-away on the planning (that isn't done). SO, think about your Church School now. Other firms are publishing some very attractive material this year. Look them over too. But ours have material that is not in most of those courses; things you want your children to know.

ATTENTION Car Drivers! (This may be a worth-while suggestion)—

I am certain, from the composition of the letter that this was not intentional but I could not overcome a bit of levity when I read an order for a copy of "Taming of the tongue" and found written across the corner of the bottom of the page.

"Written from the back seat"!

(no offense meant to the customer, but I wonder if, after reading the book, the driver had it easier). As a driver of a car I've heard lots of things from the back seat but it is the first worth-while order I've ever had from there.

You will be glad to learn that we again have copies of "Devotion to the Mother of God". This has been revised and enlarged. This is the Twelfth Thousand to be printed and we will be glad to receive your orders for it now.

A most interesting editorial appeared in the June 12th issue of Episcopal CHURCH NEWS on "What's in a Name?" As General Convention meets very soon, this editorial deals with the possible change of the name of our Church. Every three years the "threatening subject" is brought up before the meeting of General Convention and so become frightened over it. Looking back over numbers of these meetings, I do not have any fear over the subject. But I like the last paragraph which deals with the use of the word "Catholic". In particular we should hearken to the writer's statement that we should not let one branch of the Holy Catholic Church have a monopoly on the word. Look up this issue and read it.

We continue to go round and round in the work of the office; it has not lessened much during the hot weather (and it IS hot right now). This is the end of the fiscal year for the Order and of course annual statements, inventories, and accountings must be prepared. We had a great time counting all the stock on hand. I was greatly surprised at all that we have on hand and the value of it! Really, this is no little "peanut stand" . . . it is a real business and the whole Holy Cross family can be proud of it. Of course we don't want all of this stock to stay here and be counted again next year. Find someone, some parish, some priest that does not know of the many things we have and ask each one to send us orders. We like to use the printer that we need another impression of the books.

I noticed that our Magazine was listed among the various Church Magazines published in this country. But from the list with the list one would think that we were going to report on General Convention. We are NOT a news magazine. We may have some comments—no news items as such.

I still find fishing good and good recreation, so if I am not in the office, borrow a pole and come on down and try your luck.